FOR MATURE READERS

Eightball

Number Seven

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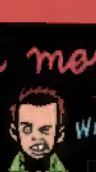
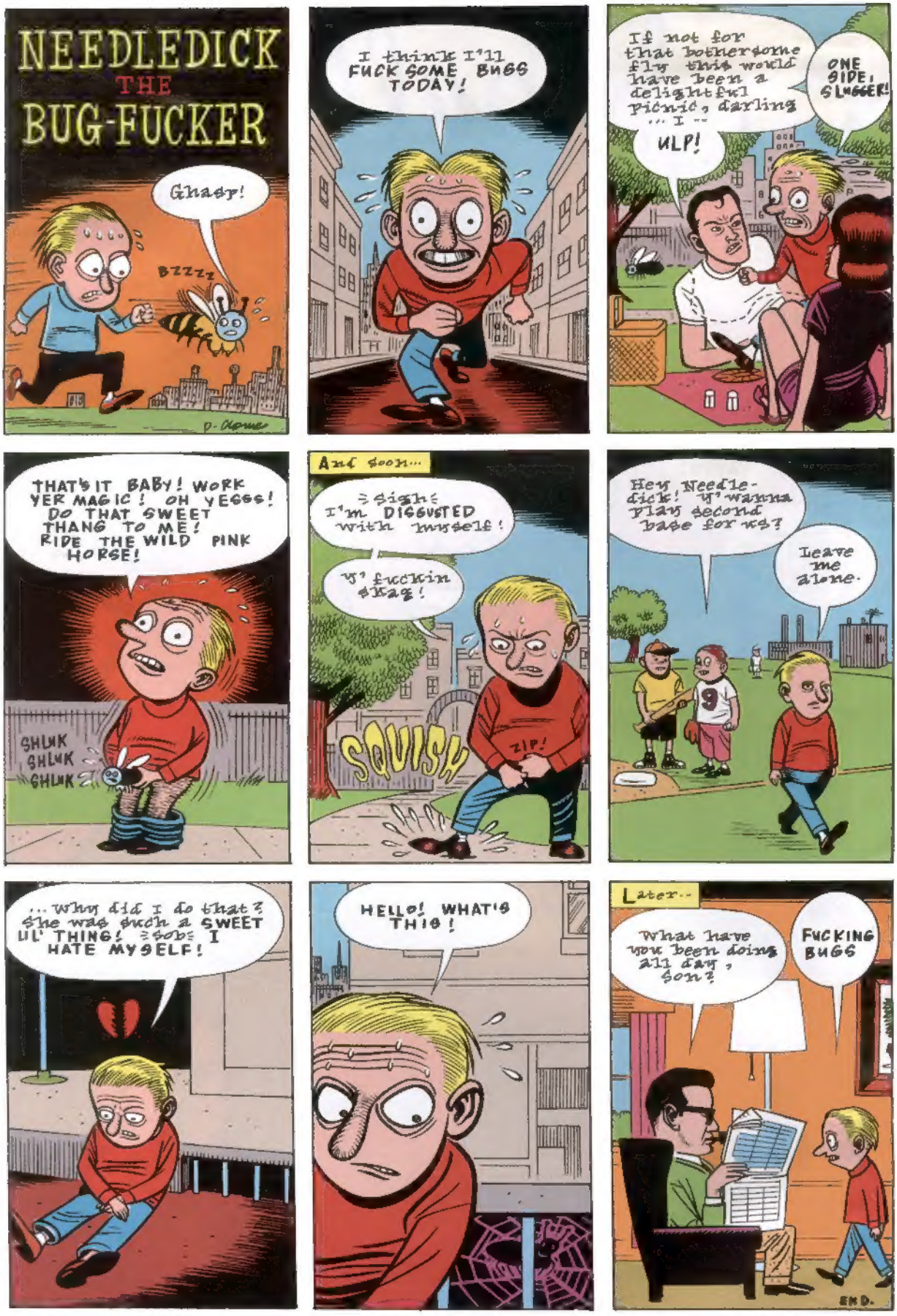
In this issue:

Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron

Art School CONFIDENTIAL

And more!





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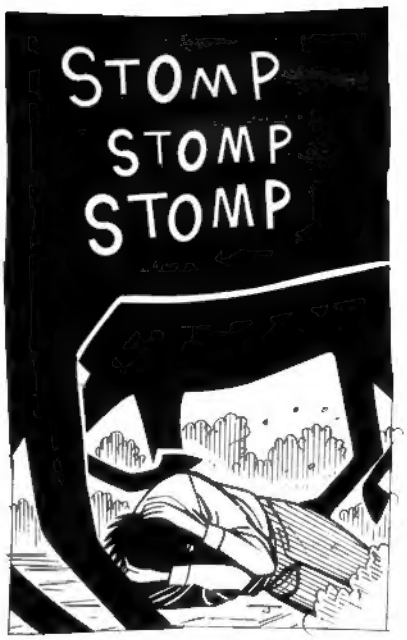
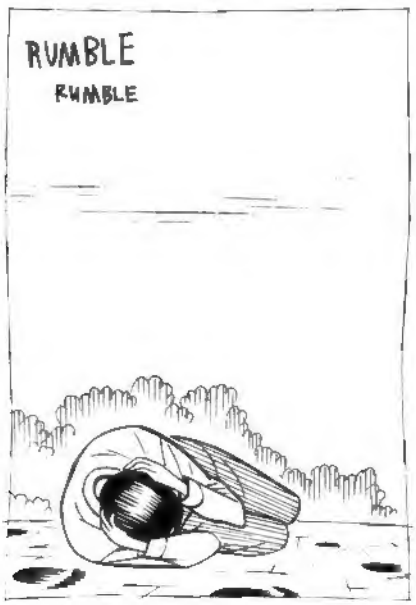
LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON

RRRUMBLE
OH MY GOD...

RUMBLE
RUMBLE

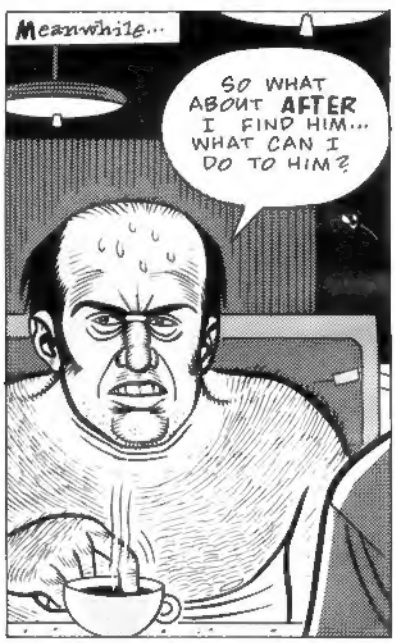

STOMP
STOMP
STOMP

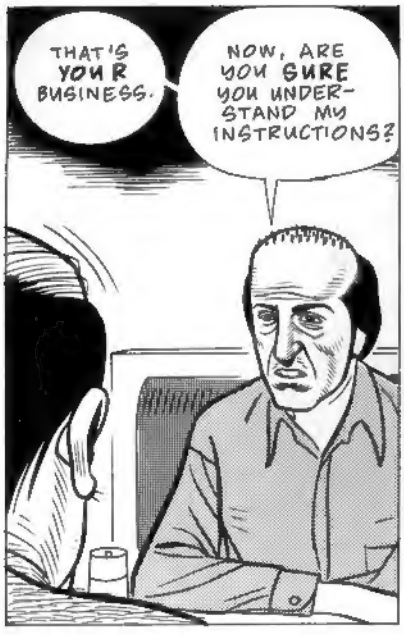

RUMBLE
RUMBLE

RUMBLE

NO...
GOD!
NO...

JIM, WHERE ARE THE YOUNG PEOPLE?
ON A SPELUNKING EXPEDITION, AS YOU KNOW!


Meanwhile...
SO WHAT ABOUT AFTER I FIND HIM... WHAT CAN I DO TO HIM?

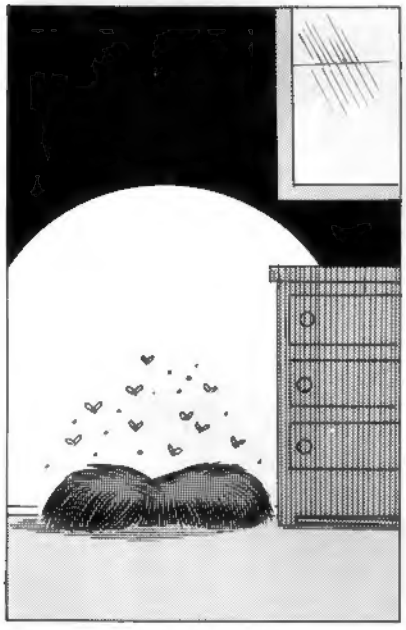

THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.
NOW, ARE YOU SURE YOU UNDERSTAND MY INSTRUCTIONS?

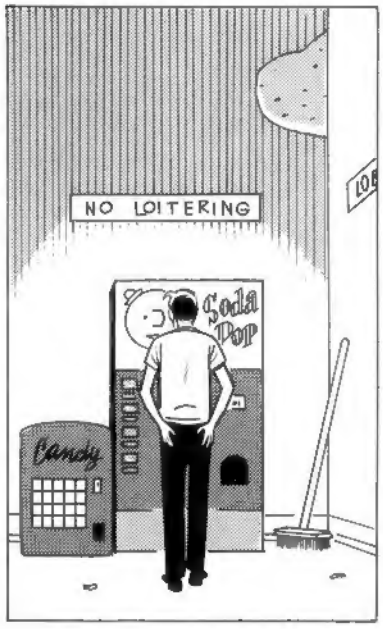
ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY I'M STUPID?!
G-G-GURGLE

KKKK GURGLE KKKH N-NO K-K-KHHH
GIVE ME THE MONEY!

KAFF KAFF KAFF
PANT PANT
KAFF KAFF
I'LL CALL YOU.

SHAVE
DOG



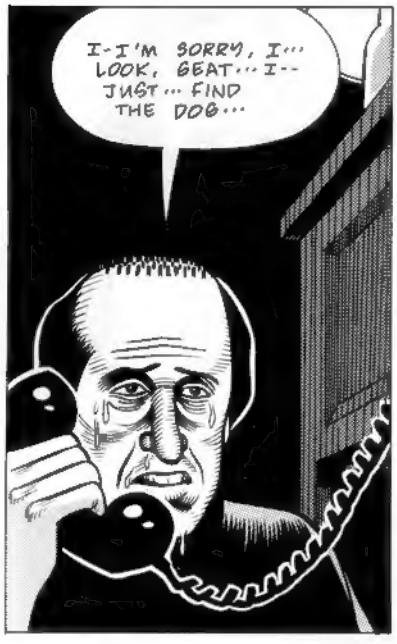

NO LOITERING
Soda Pop
Candy

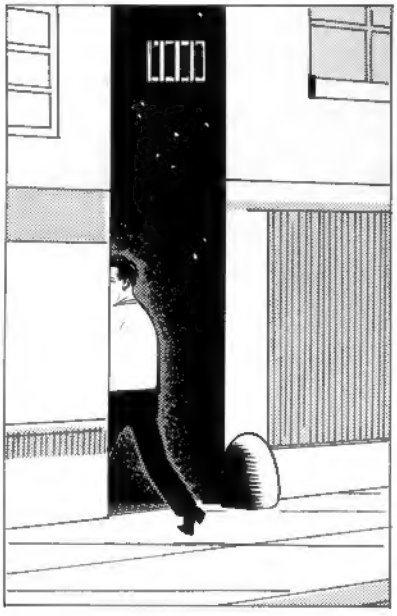
VALVE APE®
BRAND
VIM
SOLD
MALLO CREME
SOLD
SLUICE

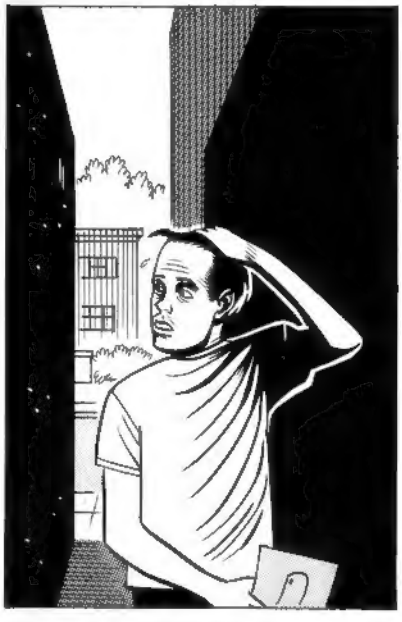
OBB
HEY! I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY WITH A DOG!
WHAT'S THAT?
ARE YOU DEAF OR STUPID? I SAID I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY WITH A DOG WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN HERE...
WHAT KINDA DOG? WHADDYA GOT IN MIND? YOU LIKE DOGS?
HA HA HA
YOU FILTHY, DISGUSTING PIECE OF SHIT!
HEY...
CRACK!
♫ WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM, I'LL STILL HAVE YOU TO RE-MEM-BAH... ♫

CLLLIP!
♫ YOUAH LOVE WILL LIVE IN MY HAAAHT... ♫
MYST
100
$
♫ GIRL OF MY DREAMS I LOVE YOU, HONEST I DO... ♫
Sometime later...
52
1000

I TOLD YOU I-- SHUT UP FOR A MINUTE-- I WON'T HURT THE FUCKING DOG... I--
GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF, BILLINGS!


I-I'M SORRY, I... LOOK, BEAT... I-- JUST... FIND THE DOG...

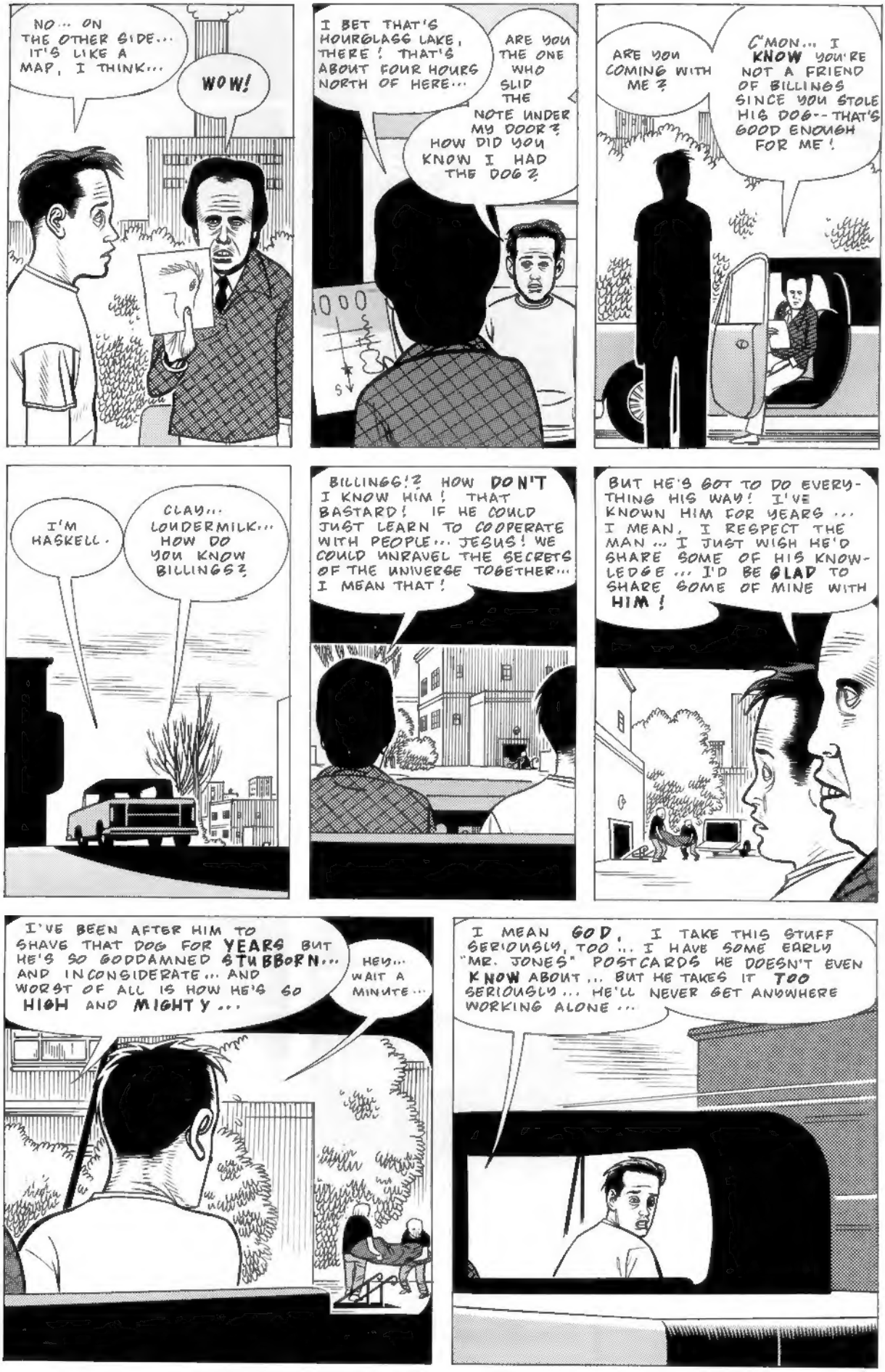




HEY, HOW YA DOIN'... WHADDYA GOT THERE?

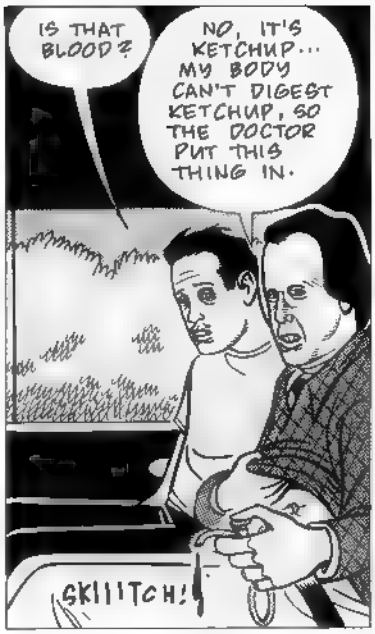
C'MON, LEMME SEE... GIVE IT! ... GIVE IT!

THIS IS WHAT WAS ON THE DOG? A DRAWING OF A HORSE?


NO... ON THE OTHER SIDE... IT'S LIKE A MAP, I THINK...
WOW!
I BET THAT'S HOURGLASS LAKE, THERE! THAT'S ABOUT FOUR HOURS NORTH OF HERE...
ARE YOU THE ONE WHO SLID THE NOTE UNDER MY DOOR? HOW DID YOU KNOW I HAD THE DOG?
ARE YOU COMING WITH ME?
C'MON... I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A FRIEND OF BILLINGS SINCE YOU STOLE HIS DOG--THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
I'M HASKELL.
CLAY... LOUDERMILK... HOW DO YOU KNOW BILLINGS?
BILLINGS!? HOW DON'T I KNOW HIM! THAT BASTARD! IF HE COULD JUST LEARN TO COOPERATE WITH PEOPLE... JESUS! WE COULD UNRAVEL THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE TOGETHER... I MEAN THAT!
BUT HE'S GOT TO DO EVERYTHING HIS WAY! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS... I MEAN, I RESPECT THE MAN... I JUST WISH HE'D SHARE SOME OF HIS KNOWLEDGE... I'D BE GLAD TO SHARE SOME OF MINE WITH HIM!
I'VE BEEN AFTER HIM TO SHAVE THAT DOG FOR YEARS BUT HE'S SO GODDAMNED STUBBORN... AND INCONSIDERATE... AND WORST OF ALL IS HOW HE'S SO HIGH AND MIGHTY...
HEY... WAIT A MINUTE...
I MEAN GOD, I TAKE THIS STUFF SERIOUSLY, TOO... I HAVE SOME EARLY "MR. JONES" POSTCARDS HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT... BUT HE TAKES IT TOO SERIOUSLY... HE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE WORKING ALONE...

VRRRRRR
RRRROOOMMM
ALRIGHT... SO WHAT'S THIS BITCH'S NAME?
I-I DON'T KNOW... I
YOU DUMB, OLD FUCK!
SPA-LOSH!
=PANT PANT= I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW... =PANT PANT= ... ASK O'HERLIHY... HE KNOWS HER...
--THEN HOW DID YOU KNOW I HAD THE DOG?
I HEARD A FRIEND OF YOURS TALK ABOUT IT IN A RESTAURANT...
...WHO?
A PRETTY, BALD, COLORED GIRL...
SHE'S ALIVE?
I GUESS...??
I'M GONNA HAVE TO PULL OVER FOR A MINUTE...
YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO WATCH THIS...

SKLUTCH!

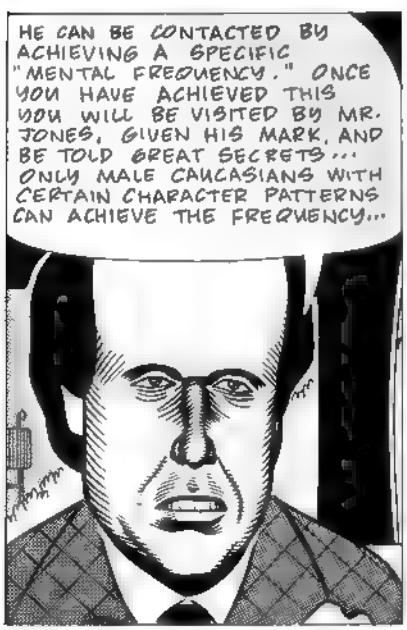

IS THAT BLOOD?
NO, IT'S KETCHUP... MY BODY CAN'T DIGEST KETCHUP, SO THE DOCTOR PUT THIS THING IN.
SKIIITCH!

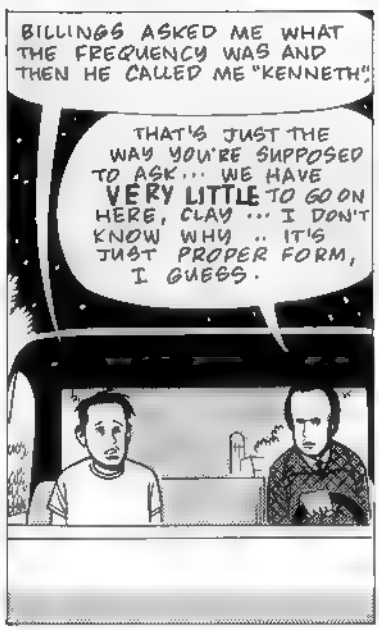
?! JUST KETCHUP, OR ALL TOMATO PRODUCTS?
JUST KETCHUP.

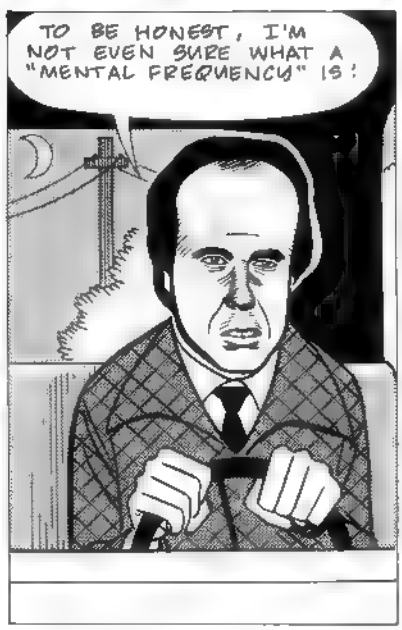
SO CLAY, HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS MR. JONES STUFF? JUST WHAT BILLINGS TOLD YOU?
PRETTY MUCH.

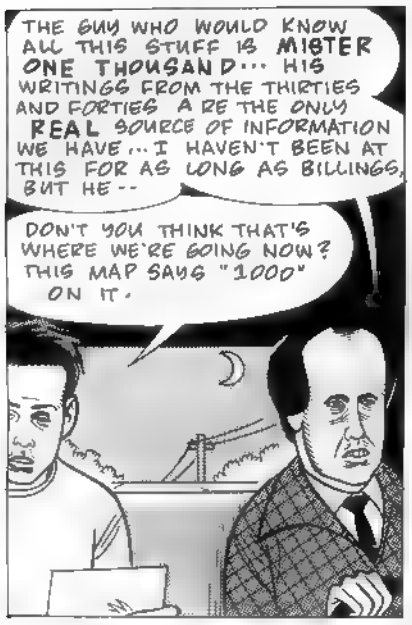
DO YOU BELIEVE IN HIM?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? BILLINGS?
IN MR. JONES.
...I DUNNO...

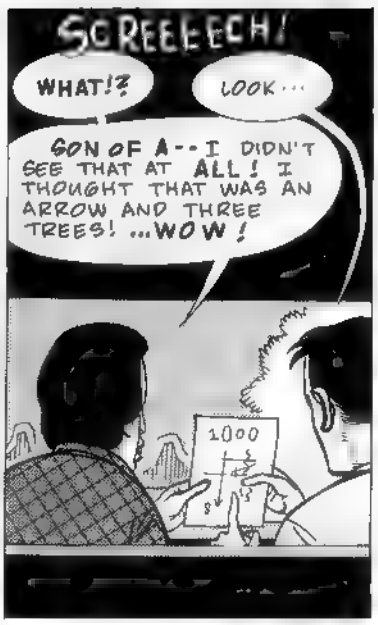
HE IS AS REAL AS YOU OR ME, CLAY... I THINK I SAW HIM ONCE WHEN I WAS A KID

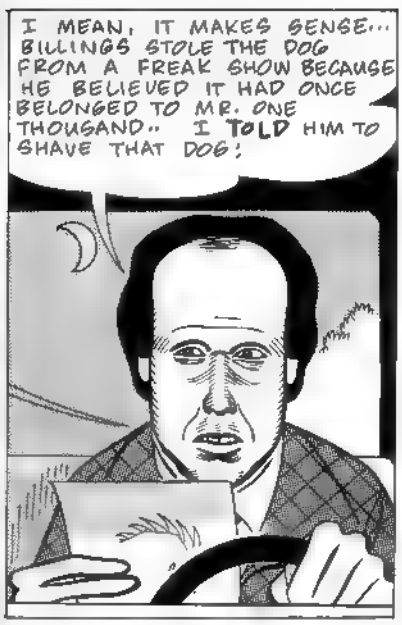

HE CAN BE CONTACTED BY ACHIEVING A SPECIFIC "MENTAL FREQUENCY." ONCE YOU HAVE ACHIEVED THIS YOU WILL BE VISITED BY MR. JONES, GIVEN HIS MARK, AND BE TOLD GREAT SECRETS... ONLY MALE CAUCASIANS WITH CERTAIN CHARACTER PATTERNS CAN ACHIEVE THE FREQUENCY...


BILLINGS ASKED ME WHAT THE FREQUENCY WAS AND THEN HE CALLED ME "KENNETH".
THAT'S JUST THE WAY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO ASK... WE HAVE VERY LITTLE TO GO ON HERE, CLAY ... I DON'T KNOW WHY .. IT'S JUST PROPER FORM, I GUESS.

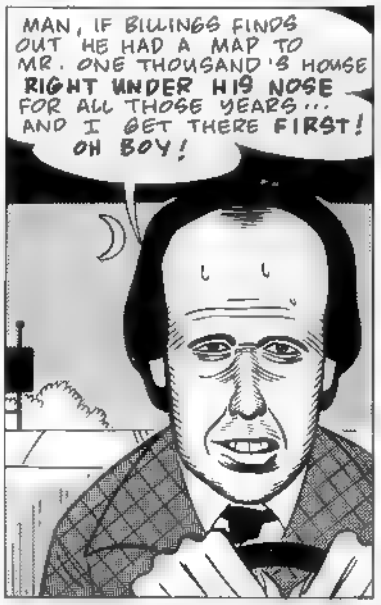

TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT A "MENTAL FREQUENCY" IS!

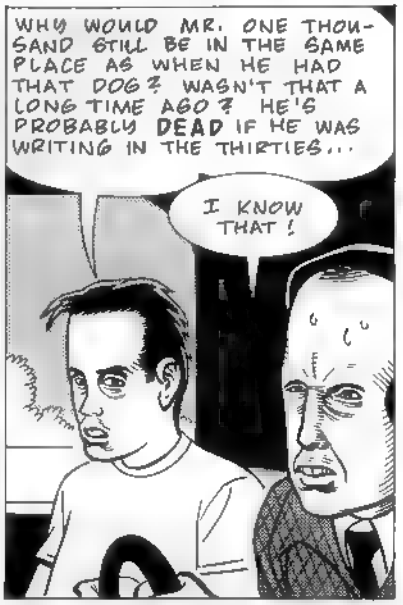

THE GUY WHO WOULD KNOW ALL THIS STUFF IS MISTER ONE THOUSAND··· HIS WRITINGS FROM THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES ARE THE ONLY REAL SOURCE OF INFORMATION WE HAVE··· I HAVEN'T BEEN AT THIS FOR AS LONG AS BILLINGS, BUT HE--
DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW? THIS MAP SAYS "1000" ON IT.

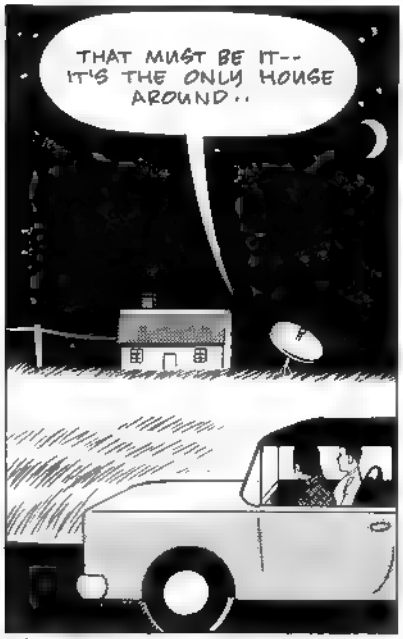

SCREEEECH!
WHAT!?
LOOK···
SON OF A--I DIDN'T SEE THAT AT ALL! I THOUGHT THAT WAS AN ARROW AND THREE TREES! ...WOW!
1000

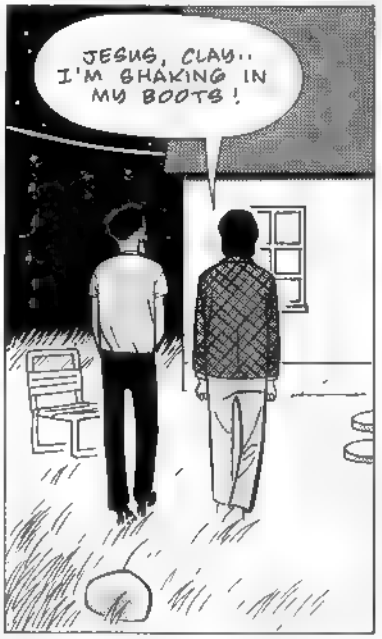

I MEAN, IT MAKES SENSE··· BILLINGS STOLE THE DOG FROM A FREAK SHOW BECAUSE HE BELIEVED IT HAD ONCE BELONGED TO MR. ONE THOUSAND·· I TOLD HIM TO SHAVE THAT DOG!

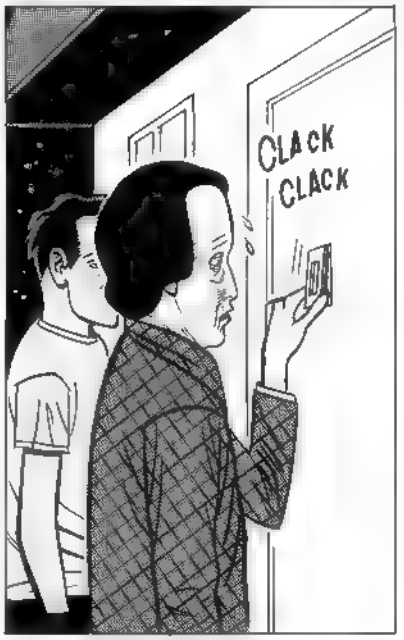
HOURGLASS LAKE AHEAD↑


MAN, IF BILLINGS FINDS OUT HE HAD A MAP TO MR. ONE THOUSAND'S HOUSE RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE FOR ALL THOSE YEARS··· AND I GET THERE FIRST! OH BOY!


WHY WOULD MR. ONE THOUSAND STILL BE IN THE SAME PLACE AS WHEN HE HAD THAT DOG? WASN'T THAT A LONG TIME AGO? HE'S PROBABLY DEAD IF HE WAS WRITING IN THE THIRTIES···
I KNOW THAT!


THAT MUST BE IT-- IT'S THE ONLY HOUSE AROUND··

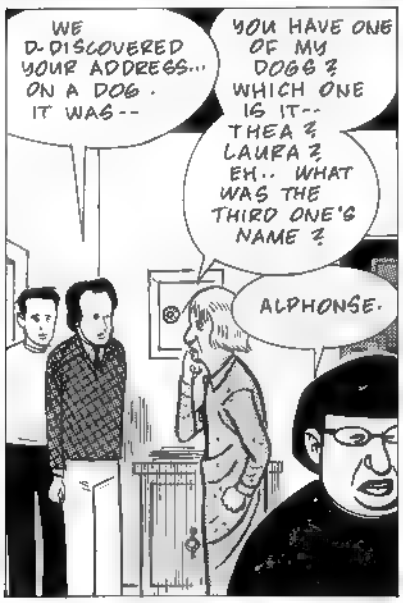

JESUS, CLAY·· I'M SHAKING IN MY BOOTS!


CLACK
CLACK

WHO IS IT?
W-WE'RE LOOKING FOR MISTER ONE THOUSAND.

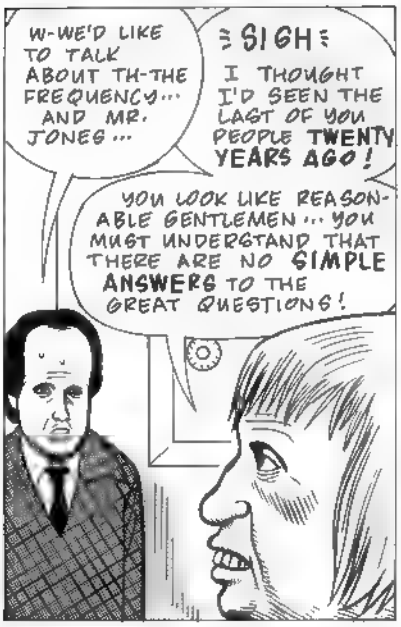
WHO IS IT, FLORENCE?
YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS BUT IT'S SOMEBODY LOOKING FOR "MISTER ONE THOUSAND."
GOOD GOD. WHO'S THERE?

SIR... IT'S A GREAT HONOR TO MEET YOU!
WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

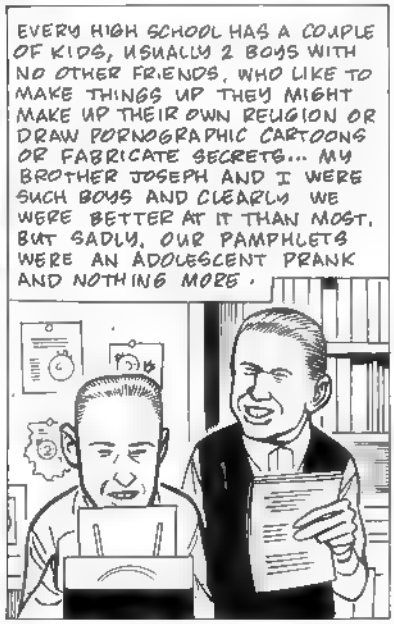

WE D-DISCOVERED YOUR ADDRESS... ON A DOG. IT WAS--
YOU HAVE ONE OF MY DOGS? WHICH ONE IS IT-- THEA? LAURA? EH.. WHAT WAS THE THIRD ONE'S NAME?
ALPHONSE.

YES. ALPHONSE.
WE HAD LAURA... I'M AFRAID SHE DIED...
WHAT?! IT'S DEAD?

I SEE.. YOU DIDN'T TAKE CARE OF HIM PROPERLY.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?


W-WE'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT TH-THE FREQUENCY... AND MR. JONES...
=SIGH= I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU PEOPLE TWENTY YEARS AGO!
YOU LOOK LIKE REASONABLE GENTLEMEN... YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT THERE ARE NO SIMPLE ANSWERS TO THE GREAT QUESTIONS!

THIS "MR. JONES" THING... IT'S SO LONG AGO I CAN BARELY REMEMBER IT... IT'S A BIG JOKE... A HOAX!

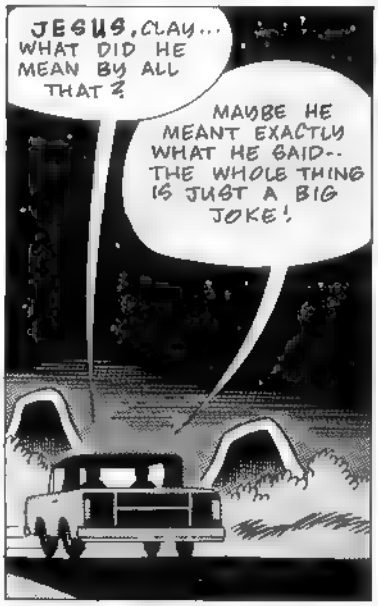

EVERY HIGH SCHOOL HAS A COUPLE OF KIDS, USUALLY 2 BOYS WITH NO OTHER FRIENDS, WHO LIKE TO MAKE THINGS UP THEY MIGHT MAKE UP THEIR OWN RELIGION OR DRAW PORNOGRAPHIC CARTOONS OR FABRICATE SECRETS... MY BROTHER JOSEPH AND I WERE SUCH BOYS AND CLEARLY WE WERE BETTER AT IT THAN MOST. BUT SADLY, OUR PAMPHLETS WERE AN ADOLESCENT PRANK AND NOTHING MORE.

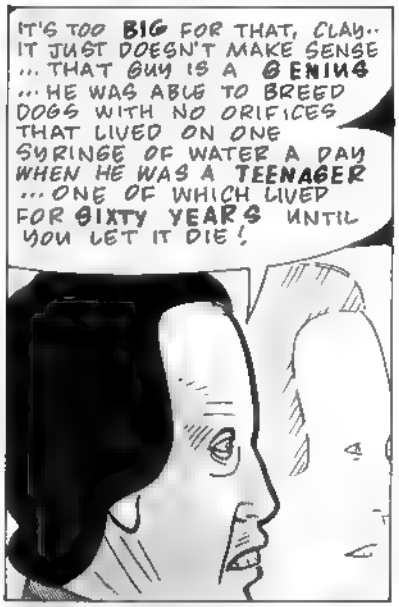
I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT YOU'RE A COUPLE OF FOOLS! DO SOMETHING MEANINGFUL WITH YOUR LIVES-- LEARN A TRADE, FALL IN LOVE, RAISE A FAMILY!

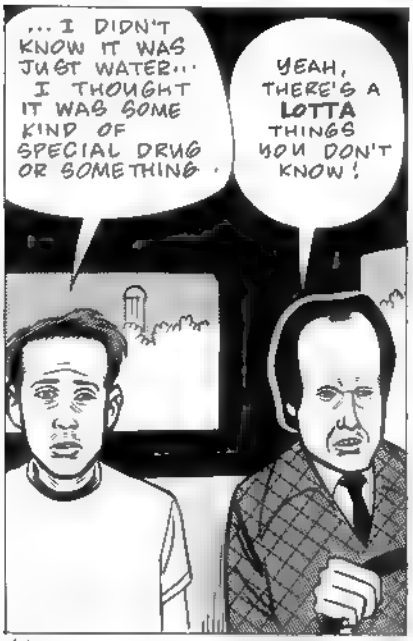
NOW PLEASE... MY WIFE AND I WISH TO BE LEFT ALONE!
TH-THANK YOU, SIR!

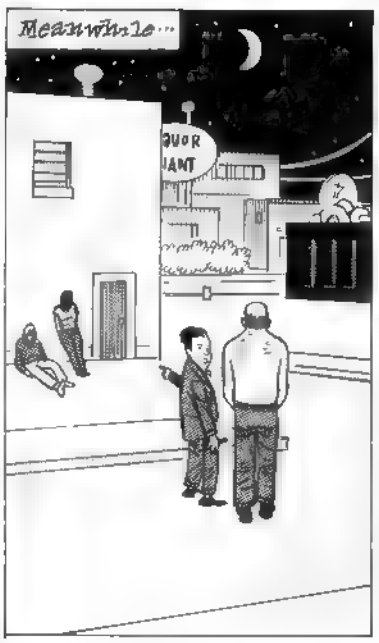
YES, YES..

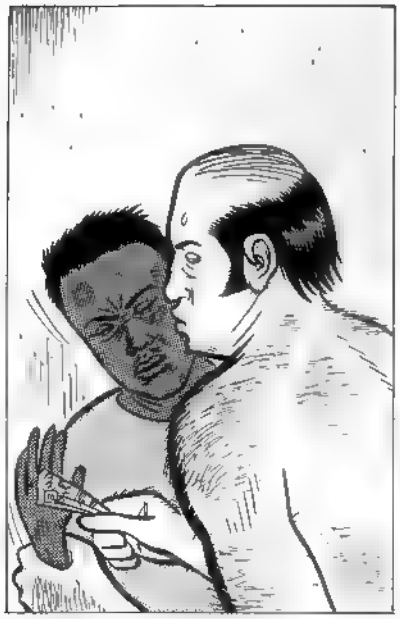
WHAT IS IT WITH THESE PEOPLE -- A GAME? A SCAVENGER HUNT?
I'LL HAVE TO KILL THEM IF THEY COME BACK.


JESUS, CLAY... WHAT DID HE MEAN BY ALL THAT?
MAYBE HE MEANT EXACTLY WHAT HE SAID-- THE WHOLE THING IS JUST A BIG JOKE!


IT'S TOO BIG FOR THAT, CLAY.. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE ... THAT GUY IS A GENIUS ... HE WAS ABLE TO BREED DOGS WITH NO ORIFICES THAT LIVED ON ONE SYRINGE OF WATER A DAY WHEN HE WAS A TEENAGER ... ONE OF WHICH LIVED FOR SIXTY YEARS UNTIL YOU LET IT DIE!


... I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS JUST WATER... I THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KIND OF SPECIAL DRUG OR SOMETHING.
YEAH, THERE'S A LOTTA THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW!

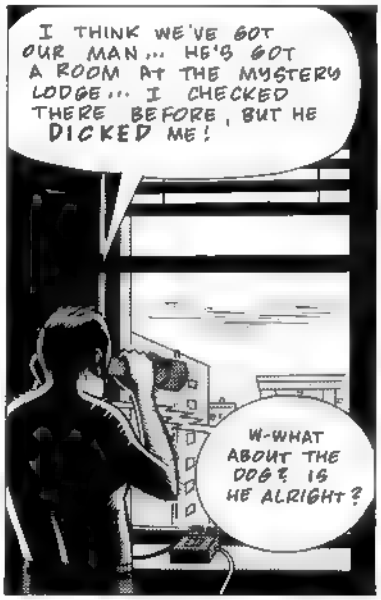

Meanwhile...

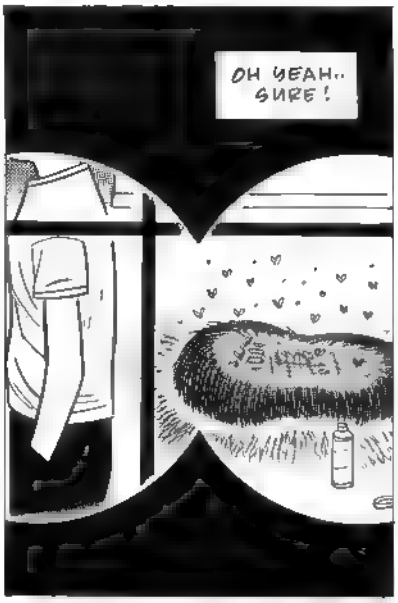


...YOU'VE GOT MY NUMBER, RIGHT? CALL ME SOME-TIME THIS WEEK, OKAY? I'VE GOT A LOT OF STUFF BACK AT THE HOUSE TO SHOW YOU!
OKAY...
CRUMPLE

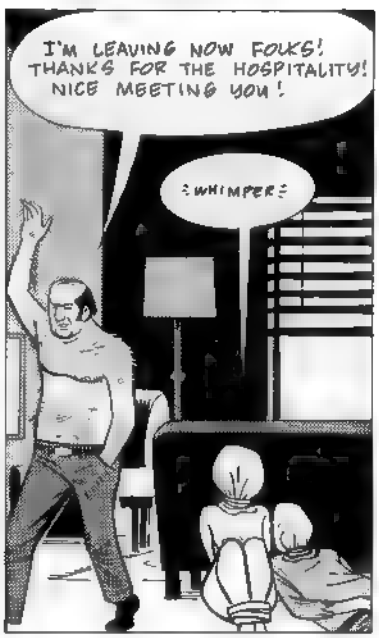
HUFF HUFF HUFF =SOB= HUFF
RING RING

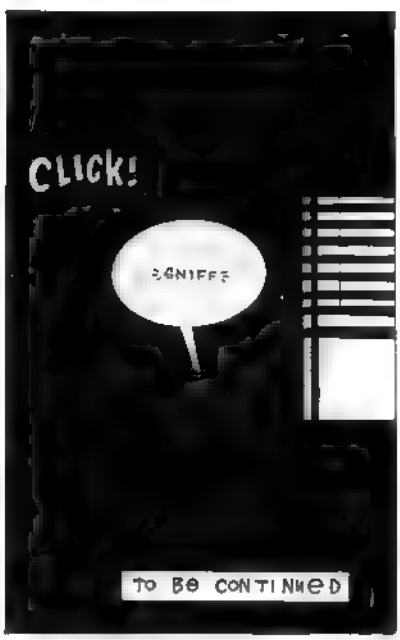
=HUFF= HELLO?
GEAT?
=SNIIIFF=


I THINK WE'VE GOT OUR MAN... HE'S GOT A ROOM AT THE MYSTERY LODGE... I CHECKED THERE BEFORE, BUT HE DICKED ME!
W-WHAT ABOUT THE DOG? IS HE ALRIGHT?


OH YEAH.. SURE!

LISSEN, MEET ME OUTSIDE IN AN HOUR... SHAKESPEARE AND SO th.
I-I'LL BE THERE! THANK YOU, GEAT! =HUFF=


I'M LEAVING NOW FOLKS! THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY! NICE MEETING YOU!
=WHIMPER=


CLICK!
=SNIFF=
TO BE CONTINUED

ONE WAG TENDERS

write: EIGHTBALL
2140 SHATTUCK AVE.
#2107
BERKELEY, CA. 94704

BEFORE READING THIS LETTER COLUMN PLEASE OBSERVE ONE MINUTE OF SILENCE IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT MR GEISEL -- Ed.

..My letter was sent back because I misread your lettering (the 5 looked like a 9). The same day I got the letter back I read in the COMICS JOURNAL that you were nominated for a Harvey award for lettering! In light of that bit you did with Nat Knudsen (8-B#6--Ed.) there's a double irony!

Mike Parlette
Fair Oaks, Ca

..Was wondering.. is it Clowes or close? Pussy, Peeoowsie or Poozee? ...Did I mention that you are a white male and I hate you?

Eva Schnellmeyer
Seattle, Wa.

..Your influence on the free art world is all-encompassing. I magine my shock in discovering this German "Value Affen" advertisement...

James McNew
Yo LA TENGO
Brooklyn, NY.

ALLE SPIELE UNTER DER

..Needless to say, I was quite surprised to see your work in a news mag I certainly appreciate the effort you put into 8-BALL and I grieve that the ray isn't enough to keep your head above water but really, doing propaganda for a despot like Assad!

Joe Kroit
College Pt, NY.

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LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON

10-color silkscreen print signed & #'d by D.Clowes

$80.00 PPD.

THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS IN ART SCHOOL TO LEARN THE VARIOUS TECHNIQUES OF SELF-EXPRESSION PURSUANT TO A CAREER IN THE VISUAL ARTS -- AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I **WANTED** 'EM TO THINK! ACTUALLY, I WAS THERE AS A **FREELANCE UNDERCOVER AGENT** IN ORDER TO LEARN **FIRST HAND** THE **SHOCKING TRUTH** ABOUT THE **BIGGEST SCAM OF THE CENTURY!**

THE STORY THAT...

BLOWS THE LID OFF A MILLION-DOLLAR RACKET!

ART SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

By D. Clowes, B.F.A.

SEE

RICH GUYS WHO DRAW WORSE THAN YOUR SEVEN YEAR-OLD SISTER!

HAS-BEEN FAMOUS-ARTIST PROFESSORS WHO COULDN'T TEACH A DOG TO BARK!

SELF-OBSESSED NEUROTIC ART-GIRLS WHO MAKE THEIR OWN CLOTHES!

IN THE OLD DAYS, ART SCHOOLS TAUGHT PRACTICAL TECHNIQUES TO THE EAGER, DEDICATED FEW WHO POSSESSED THE TEMPERAMENT TO KEEP UP WITH A DEMANDING CURRICULUM...

TODAY, ANYONE WITH A TRUST FUND CAN EXCEL IN CLASSES THAT ARE LITTLE MORE THAN VAGUE PEP-TALKS DESIGNED TO KEEP ENROLLMENT UP BY TRICKING STUDENTS INTO BELIEVING THEY HAVE "POTENTIAL"...

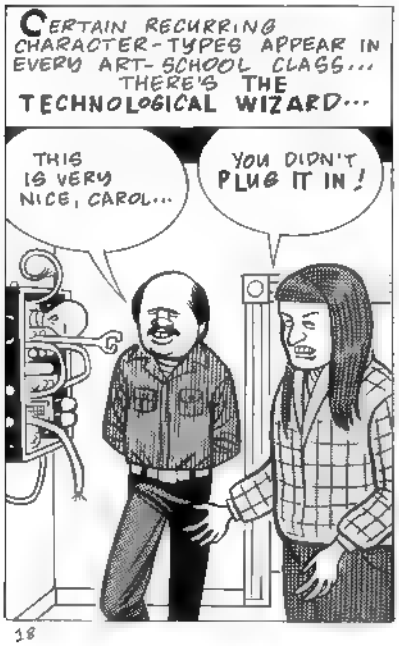
THE TEACHERS ARE NOT THERE TO HELP YOU. MOST OF THEM ARE STILL FREELANCERS AND THE LAST THING THEY WANT IS MORE COMPETITION. THEY ARE THERE BECAUSE THEY NEED A STEADY PAY-CHECK AND THEY HOPE TO SCORE SOME PUSSY!

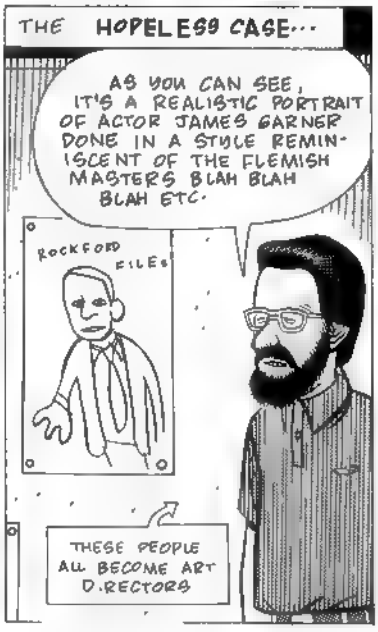
THERE ARE TWO REASONS TO GO TO ART SCHOOL: 1.) NO WORK 2.) LOOSE WOMEN.
NUTS! I FORGOT TO DO MY HOMEWORK AGAIN! ...LET'S SEE... I GUESS I COULD HAND IN MY TOOTHBRUSH AS A CONCEPTUAL STATEMENT ABOUT CONSUMERISM...
PROBLEM SOLVED!
BZAWWK
-SCRITCH-SCRITCH-

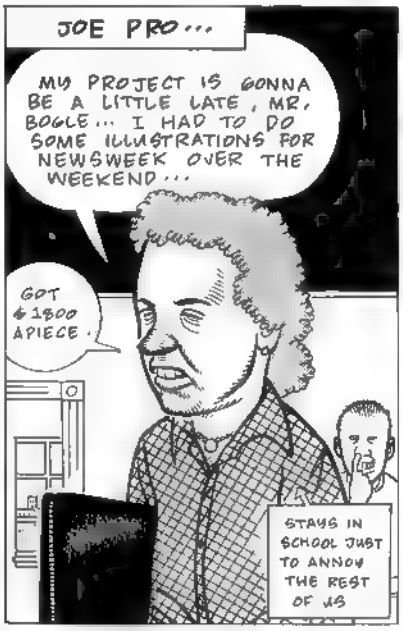
UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THE GALS WHO GO TO ART-SCHOOL ARE SUPER-UGLY. (WHICH IS WHY 60% OF THE GUYS TURN GAY BY THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS VACATION.)
♫ I WANNA BE YOUR DOG ♫
I WANNA BE YOUR DOG
YOU AND WHAT ARMY?
ACTUAL SNAPPY COME-BACK BY THE QUICK-WITTED YOUNG CLOWES

AND BELIEVE ME, BEAUTIFUL ART-SCHOOL GIRLS ARE REAL TROUBLE... DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED!
I CAN'T HAVE SEX WITH YOU ANYMORE. I'VE GOT TO CHANNEL ALL THAT ENERGY INTO MY POTTERY.
SIGH
I HATE MY MOTHER.
I THINK I'LL PAINT MY ROOM BLACK.
HE DESERVES IT!

DON'T HOLD ANY FALSE NOTIONS ABOUT THE NUDE MODELS, EITHER... VOGUE COVER-GIRLS DON'T WORK THE "ART-SCHOOL CIRCUIT."
AIEEEE!
EVERYBODY'S MOST DREADED MODEL COMBO --THE HIDEOUS, HIRSUTE HIPPIE GIRL AND HER FREAKISH, POODLE-HAIRED BOYFRIEND

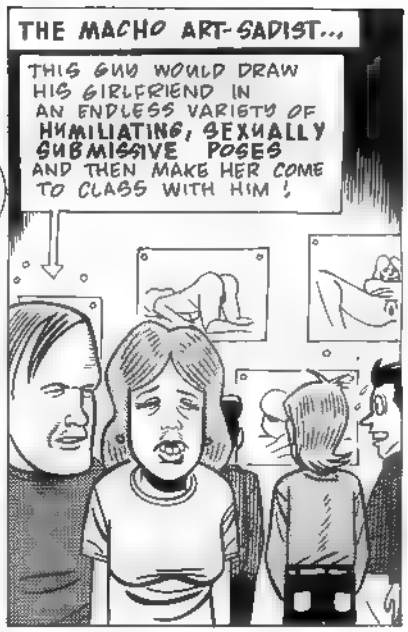

CERTAIN RECURRING CHARACTER-TYPES APPEAR IN EVERY ART-SCHOOL CLASS... THERE'S THE TECHNOLOGICAL WIZARD...
THIS IS VERY NICE, CAROL...
YOU DIDN'T PLUG IT IN!

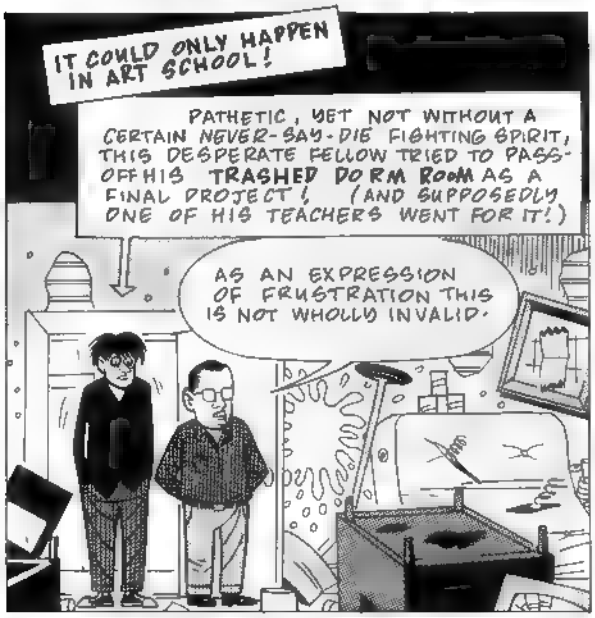

THE HOPELESS CASE...
AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S A REALISTIC PORTRAIT OF ACTOR JAMES GARNER DONE IN A STYLE REMINISCENT OF THE FLEMISH MASTERS BLAH BLAH BLAH ETC.
ROCKFORD FILES
THESE PEOPLE ALL BECOME ART DIRECTORS


JOE PRO...
MY PROJECT IS GONNA BE A LITTLE LATE, MR. BOGLE... I HAD TO DO SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FOR NEWSWEEK OVER THE WEEKEND...
GOT $1800 APIECE.
STAYS IN SCHOOL JUST TO ANNOY THE REST OF US

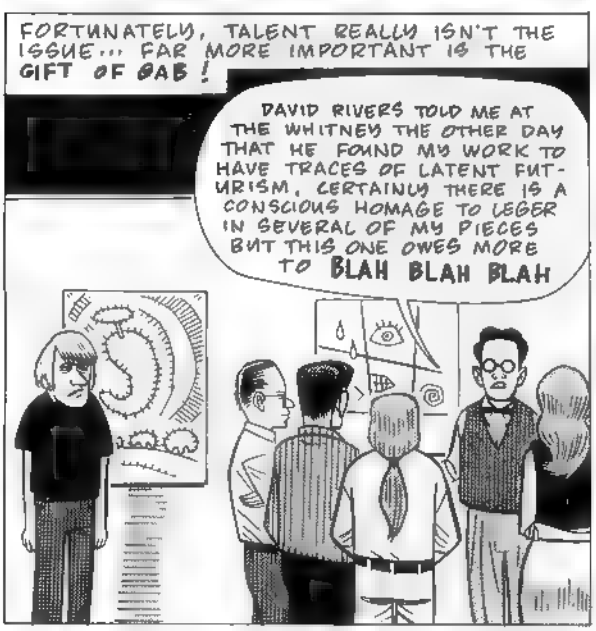
"MOM"...
COMPLETELY TALENTLESS, RICH HOUSEWIFE WITH TOO MUCH TIME ON HER HANDS.
I'M AFRAID THIS ISN'T COMING OUT THE WAY I WANTED IT TO!

MR. PHANTASY...
HE DOES A FRAZETTA-STYLE PAINTING OF A BARBARIAN AS THE SOLUTION TO EVERY ASSIGNMENT!
I-I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND...?
:GRUNT:
CULTIVATED GRIM, SULLEN DEMEANOR--JUST LIKE A BARBARIAN!


THE MACHO ART-SADIST...
THIS GUY WOULD DRAW HIS GIRLFRIEND IN AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF HUMILIATING, SEXUALLY SUBMISSIVE POSES AND THEN MAKE HER COME TO CLASS WITH HIM!

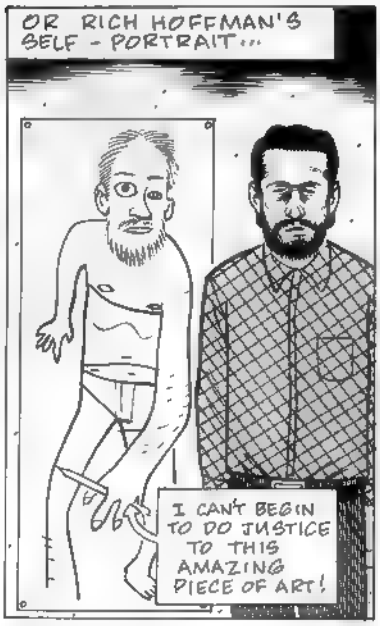

IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN IN ART SCHOOL!
PATHETIC, YET NOT WITHOUT A CERTAIN NEVER-SAY-DIE FIGHTING SPIRIT, THIS DESPERATE FELLOW TRIED TO PASS-OFF HIS TRASHED DORM ROOM AS A FINAL PROJECT! (AND SUPPOSEDLY ONE OF HIS TEACHERS WENT FOR IT!)
AS AN EXPRESSION OF FRUSTRATION THIS IS NOT WHOLLY INVALID.

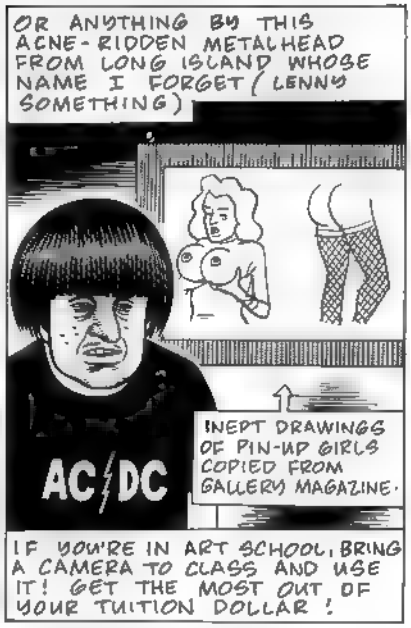
RARE IS THE PRAGMATIST AMONG ART-SCHOOL PROFESSORS... ONLY VERY OCCASIONALLY DO YOU COME ACROSS SOMEONE WHO IS WILLING TO LEVEL WITH STUDENTS ABOUT THEIR BLEAK PROSPECTS...
ONLY ONE STUDENT OUT OF A HUNDRED WILL FIND WORK IN HIS CHOSEN FIELD THE REST OF YOU ARE ESSENTIALLY WASTING YOUR TIME LEARNING A USELESS "HOBBY"..
I'LL BE THAT ONE!


FORTUNATELY, TALENT REALLY ISN'T THE ISSUE... FAR MORE IMPORTANT IS THE GIFT OF GAB!
DAVID RIVERS TOLD ME AT THE WHITNEY THE OTHER DAY THAT HE FOUND MY WORK TO HAVE TRACES OF LATENT FUTURISM, CERTAINLY THERE IS A CONSCIOUS HOMAGE TO LEGER IN SEVERAL OF MY PIECES BUT THIS ONE OWES MORE TO BLAH BLAH BLAH

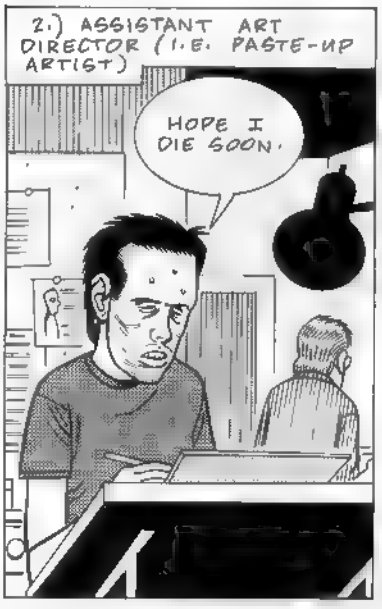
IF YOU MUST GO TO ART SCHOOL FOR GOD'S SAKE MAKE THE MOST OF IT... SELDOM IF EVER AGAIN IN LIFE WILL YOU BE AFFORDED THE CHANCE TO SCRUTINIZE SUCH AN ARRAY OF LOSERS IN AN ENVIRONMENT THAT ACTUALLY ENCOURAGES THEIR MOST PRETENTIOUS INCLINATIONS!
THIS IS MY "SCULPTURE". I CALL IT "TANGERINE AMOEBA APARTHEID HEARTBEAT IV"
THE OLD TAMPON-IN-A-TEACUP TRICK

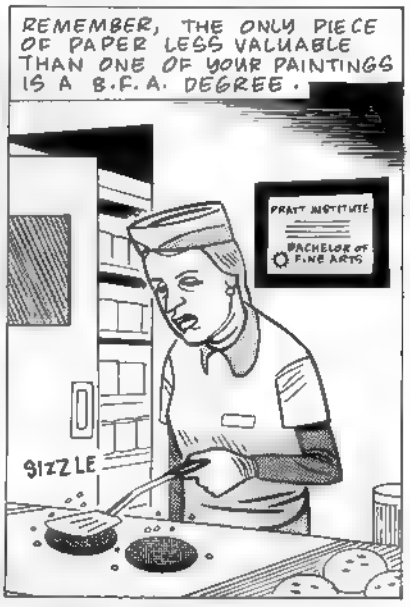
BELIEVE ME, THERE ARE WORKS OF "ART" I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE AGAIN...
LIKE THIS POINTILLIST CLOWN DRAWING...

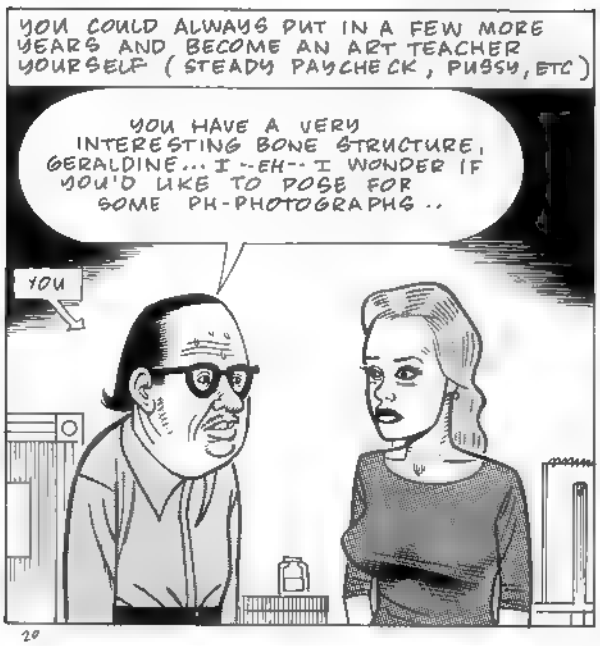

OR RICH HOFFMAN'S SELF-PORTRAIT...
I CAN'T BEGIN TO DO JUSTICE TO THIS AMAZING PIECE OF ART!


OR ANYTHING BY THIS ACNE-RIDDEN METALHEAD FROM LONG ISLAND WHOSE NAME I FORGET (LENNY SOMETHING)
AC/DC
INEPT DRAWINGS OF PIN-UP GIRLS COPIED FROM GALLERY MAGAZINE.
IF YOU'RE IN ART SCHOOL, BRING A CAMERA TO CLASS AND USE IT! GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR TUITION DOLLAR!

IF YOU DECIDE TO STICK IT OUT FOR ALL FOUR YEARS YOU'LL HAVE ONE OF THESE TWO FABULOUS JOBS TO LOOK FORWARD TO:
1.) RETAIL SALES IN ART SUPPLY STORE..
=GRUNT=


2.) ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR (I.E. PASTE-UP ARTIST)
HOPE I DIE SOON.


REMEMBER, THE ONLY PIECE OF PAPER LESS VALUABLE THAN ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS IS A B.F.A. DEGREE.
PRATT INSTITUTE
BACHELOR OF FINE ARTS
SIZZLE


YOU COULD ALWAYS PUT IN A FEW MORE YEARS AND BECOME AN ART TEACHER YOURSELF (STEADY PAYCHECK, PUSSY, ETC)
YOU HAVE A VERY INTERESTING BONE STRUCTURE, GERALDINE... I--EH-- I WONDER IF YOU'D LIKE TO POSE FOR SOME PH-PHOTOGRAPHS..
YOU

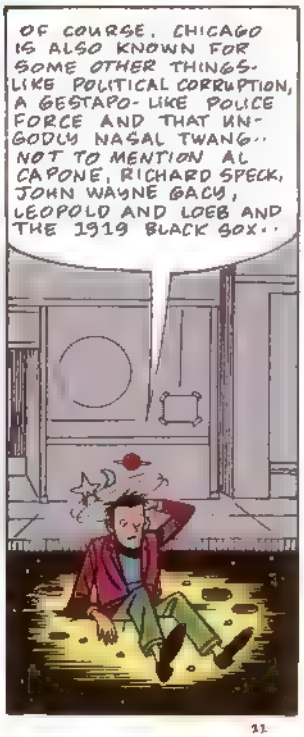
ANYWAY, YOU GET THE PICTURE... YOU'VE BEEN WARNED... I'VE DONE MY JOB... ONE FINAL WORD OF CAUTION: NEVER MENTION CARTOONING IN ART SCHOOL BECAUSE IT IS MINDLESS AND CONTEMPTIBLE AND COMPLETELY UNSUITABLE AS A CAREER GOAL!
=SIGH= I WAS REALLY HOPING FOR SOMETHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL FROM YOU!
DOES SPOT ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PLUMBING TEXTBOOKS
DIG? DIG! CIAO!
END.

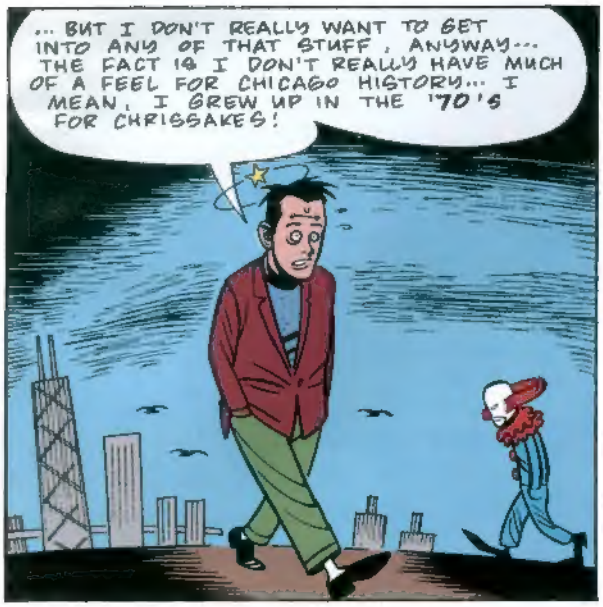
Chicago
By Danny Clowes
"... Here is a tall, bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities; ... Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse and under his ribs the heart of the people, Laughing! Laughing the stormy, husky brawling laughter of youth half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight handler to the nation."
HOLY COW!
CHICAGO'S FAVORITE POME BY CARL FUCKIN' SANDBURG!
♫ ...THAT TODDLIN' TOWN ♫
IF Y'CAN'T FIND IT IN CHICAGO YOU DON'T NEED IT!
IT'S THE CITY THAT WORKS!
HEY HEY, HOLY MACKEREL!
GOTTA LOVE THOSE CUBS!
GRUNT
STATE ST. THAT GREAT ST
MAKE MINE DEEP-DISH!
BET YER BOT TOM DOLLAR YOU'LL LOSE THE BLUES!
WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

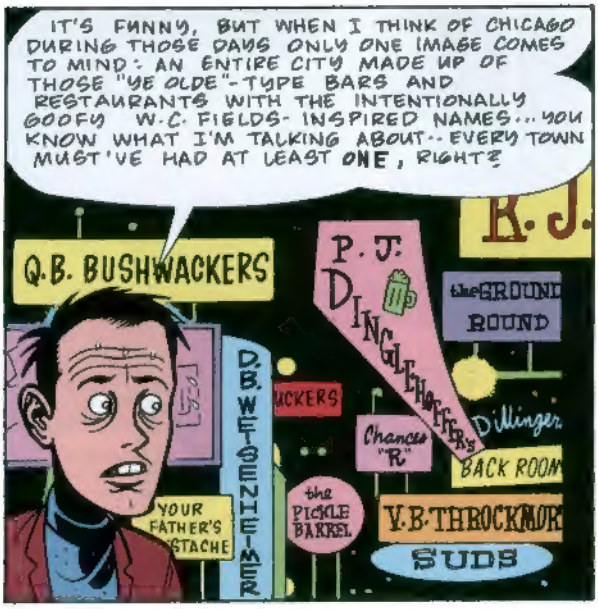
YEP! THIS IS MY HOME TOWN! THE WINDY CITY! HOME OF THE UNION STOCKYARDS, THE WRIGLEY BUILDING AND DICK THE BRUISER... BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. O'LEARY'S COW, PLAYBOY MAGAZINE AND THE 8-HOUR WORK DAY... CHICAGO, EL-A-NOY...

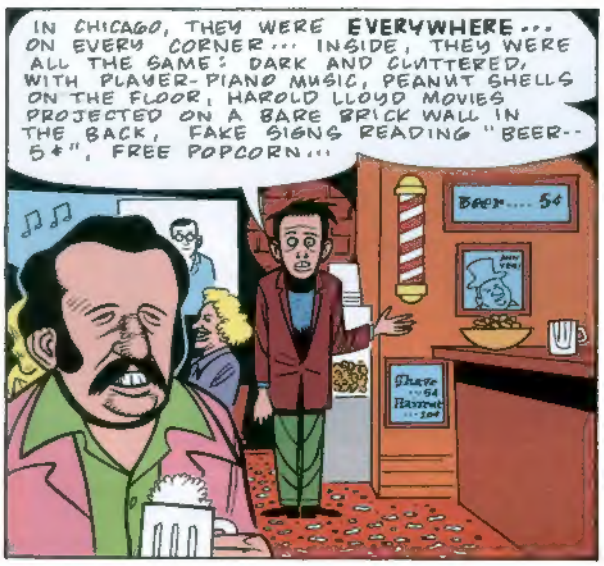
WHERE THE MIGHTY WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN COURSE FREELY INTO THAT BARELY FLOWING SHAMROCK SHAKE CALLED THE CHICAGO RIVER... WHERE MEN HAVE MADE UP FOR GOD'S OVERSIGHT BY CREATING THEIR OWN TERRAIN OF STEEL AND MORTAR ON THESE MIDWESTERN PLAINS..

LONG HAS OUR TOWN BEEN A SEEDBED OF UPHEAVAL... FROM THE WIGWAM CONVENTION TO THE HAYMARKET RIOTS OUR POLITICAL IDEAS, WHETHER EMANATING FROM CITY HALL OR BUGHOUSE SQUARE HAVE BEEN HEARD BY THE EARS OF AN ENVIOUS WORLD...


OF COURSE, CHICAGO IS ALSO KNOWN FOR SOME OTHER THINGS- LIKE POLITICAL CORRUPTION, A GESTAPO-LIKE POLICE FORCE AND THAT UNGODLY NASAL TWANG.. NOT TO MENTION AL CAPONE, RICHARD SPECK, JOHN WAYNE GACY, LEOPOLD AND LOEB AND THE 1919 BLACK SOX..


... BUT I DON'T REALLY WANT TO GET INTO ANY OF THAT STUFF, ANYWAY... THE FACT IS I DON'T REALLY HAVE MUCH OF A FEEL FOR CHICAGO HISTORY... I MEAN, I GREW UP IN THE '70'S FOR CHRISSAKES!

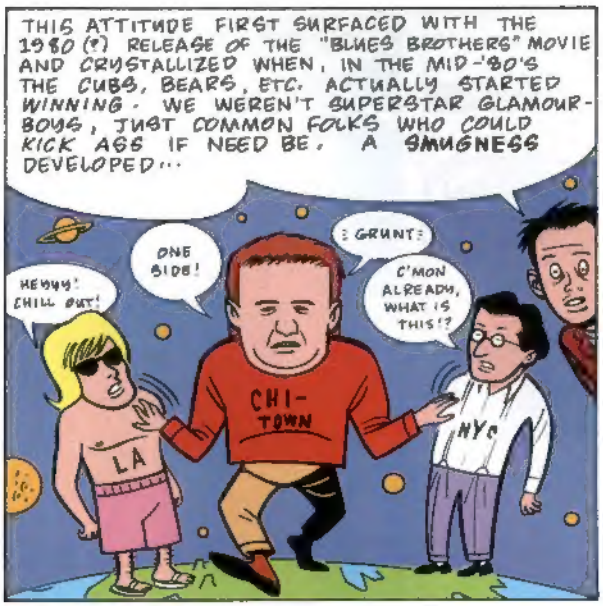

IT'S FUNNY, BUT WHEN I THINK OF CHICAGO DURING THOSE DAYS ONLY ONE IMAGE COMES TO MIND: AN ENTIRE CITY MADE UP OF THOSE "YE OLDE"-TYPE BARS AND RESTAURANTS WITH THE INTENTIONALLY GOOFY W.C. FIELDS-INSPIRED NAMES... YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT-- EVERY TOWN MUST'VE HAD AT LEAST ONE, RIGHT?
Q.B. BUSHWACKERS
P.J. DINGLETHORPE'S
K.J.
the GROUND ROUND
D.B. WEIGENIE-MER
Chances "R"
Dillinger
BACK ROOM
YOUR FATHER'S STACHE
the PICKLE BARREL
V.B. THROCKMORTON
SUDS

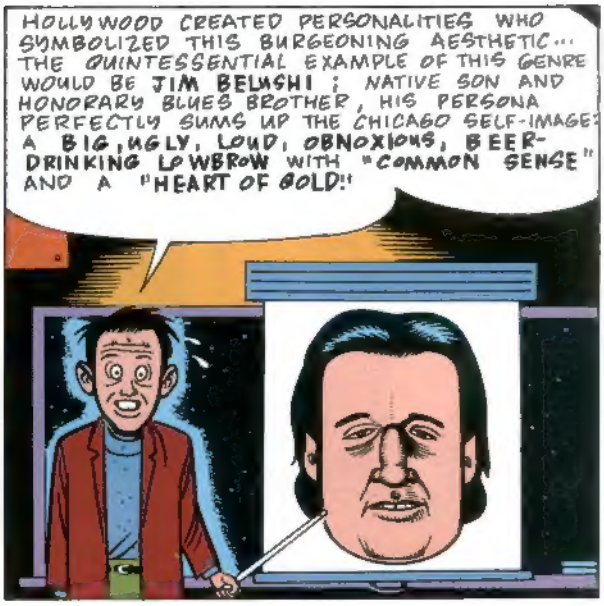

IN CHICAGO, THEY WERE EVERYWHERE... ON EVERY CORNER... INSIDE, THEY WERE ALL THE SAME: DARK AND CLUTTERED, WITH PLAYER-PIANO MUSIC, PEANUT SHELLS ON THE FLOOR, HAROLD LLOYD MOVIES PROJECTED ON A BARE BRICK WALL IN THE BACK, FAKE SIGNS READING "BEER-- 5¢", FREE POPCORN...
Beer.... 5¢

WHAT WAS THIS ALL ABOUT? IS IT JUST ME? WHY THIS "PEANUT SHELL AESTHETIC"?
I DUNNO... I MEAN, I GUESS THE SUGGESTION OF A 1920'S SPEAKEASY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH CHICAGO SEARCHING FOR ITS "IDENTITY" ... BUT JESUS CHRIST, THOSE FUCKING PEANUT SHELLS!

IT WAS AS THOUGH WE AS CHICAGOANS HAD ACCEPTED OUR ROLE AS "LOVABLE LOSERS" (WHICH KICKED-IN WHEN THE CUBS LOST THE PENNANT TO THE METS IN 1969) AND CHOSE TO DWELL IN A TOOTHLESS DREAMWORLD OF FALSE NOSTALGIA FOR AN ERA WHEN WE WERE THE BADDEST MOTHERFUCKERS ON THE PLANET... PRETTY PATHETIC!
SOX

HOWEVER, AS THE '80'S TOOK SHAPE, THERE BEGAN TO DEVELOP A MORE ASSERTIVE POSTURE. TIRED OF BEING OUTCLASSED BY MORE GLAMOROUS CITIES, CHICAGO DECLARED: "WE ARE ILLITERATE, ALCOHOLIC, WORKING-CLASS, CLOCK-PUNCHING LOUTS AND WE LOVE IT THAT WAY. FUCK YOU ALL."
C.W. QUACKENBUSH
CLOSED
EARRING SAYS "HE'S A REBEL"
THE EVER-POPULAR "NECKWARMER" HAIR-DO
TASTES GREAT, LESS FILLING


THIS ATTITUDE FIRST SURFACED WITH THE 1980 (?) RELEASE OF THE "BLUES BROTHERS" MOVIE AND CRYSTALLIZED WHEN, IN THE MID-'80'S THE CUBS, BEARS, ETC. ACTUALLY STARTED WINNING. WE WEREN'T SUPERSTAR GLAMOUR-BOYS, JUST COMMON FOLKS WHO COULD KICK ASS IF NEED BE. A SMUGNESS DEVELOPED...
HEYYY! CHILL OUT!
ONE SIDE!
: GRUNT:
C'MON ALREADY, WHAT IS THIS!?
LA
CHI-TOWN
NYC


HOLLYWOOD CREATED PERSONALITIES WHO SYMBOLIZED THIS BURGEONING AESTHETIC... THE QUINTESSENTIAL EXAMPLE OF THIS GENRE WOULD BE JIM BELUSHI; NATIVE SON AND HONORARY BLUES BROTHER, HIS PERSONA PERFECTLY SUMS UP THE CHICAGO SELF-IMAGE: A BIG, UGLY, LOUD, OBNOXIOUS, BEER-DRINKING LOWBROW WITH "COMMON SENSE" AND A "HEART OF GOLD!"

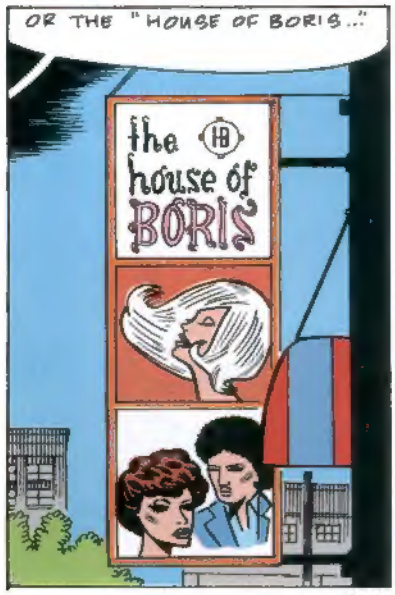
WALK IN ANY BAR ON THE NORTH SIDE OF CHICAGO AND YOU'LL SEE HALF A DOZEN BELUSHI-TYPES HANGING OUT... THEY'RE AS UBIQUITOUS AS THE PEANUT SHELLS THEY REPLACED.
...IT'S WIDE RIGHT!
WOOF WOOF WOOF!

TODAY, THIS WHOLE THING IS, IF ANYTHING, SIMPLY MORE PRONOUNCED. OBNOXIOUSNESS SEEMS TO BE THE KEY ELEMENT, AS LOCAL "CULTURE" IS TAILORED TO APPEAL TO THE BELUSHI-GUY...
YOU SUCK! GET A JOB! YOU'RE A WIMP! HA HA HA
HA HA HA

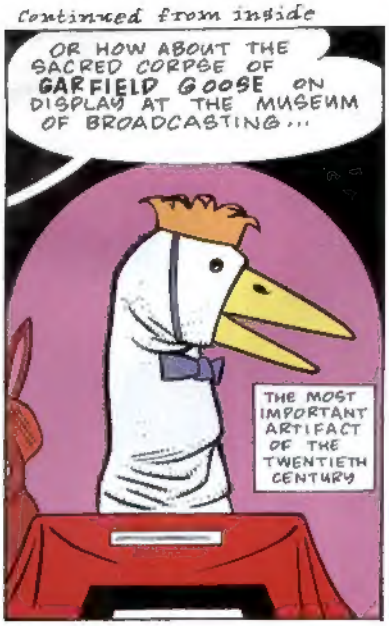
THERE ARE COMEDY CLUBS, BOORISH, PHONY "TELL-IT-LIKE-IT-IS" TALK RADIO STATIONS AND BLUES CLUBS WHERE ALL-WHITE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS AUDIENCES WHO IMAGINE THEMSELVES TO HAVE "SOUL" LIKE TO CONGREGATE...
IT SURE IS A "BUMMER"!

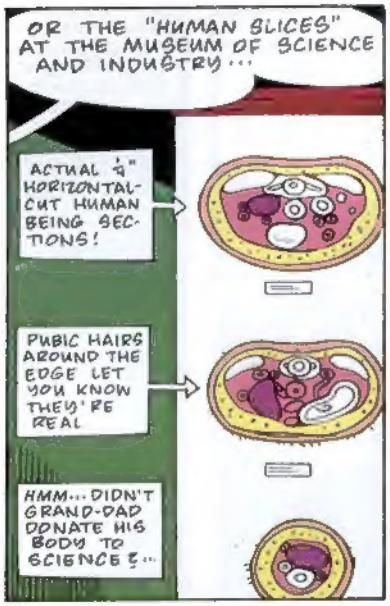
BUT WOT THE HELL...THE PEOPLE I'M REFERRING TO ARE PROBABLY MOSTLY FROM THE SUBURBS OR HICKS FROM DOWNSTATE ANYWAY... AND GOD KNOWS THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF REASONS TO LIVE IN CHICAGO...
THAT TODDLIN' TOWN!
HE'S ALWAYS CHEERFUL!

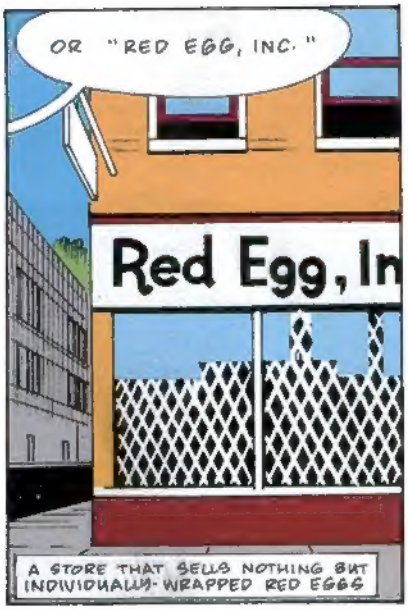
LIKE, F'R INSTANCE, THIS WACKY BEETLE BAILEY-ISH FACE PAINTED ON AN ABANDONED HOT DOG SHACK ON NORTH LASALLE STREET...
BEST
CHI
Phone

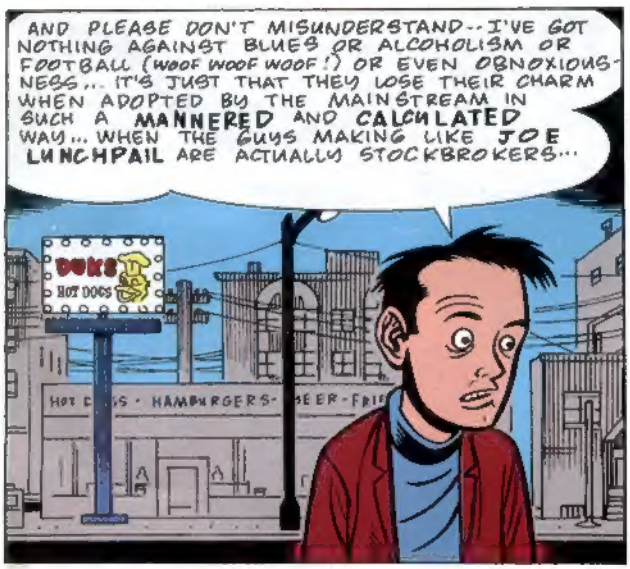

OR THE "HOUSE OF BORIS..."
the house of BORIS

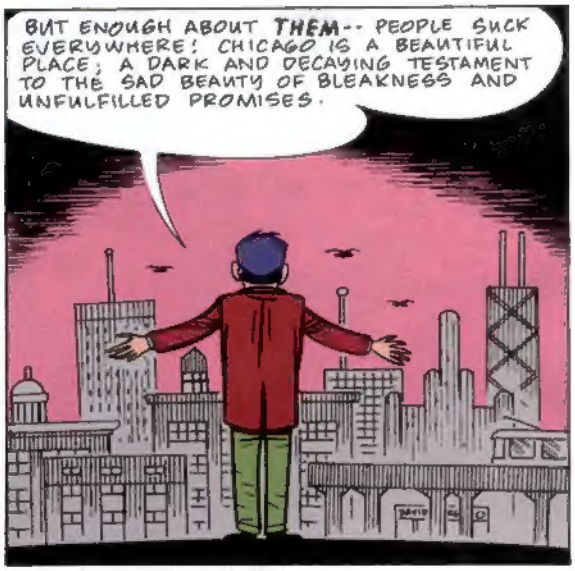
continued from inside











Thanks for a tip of the hat to Gilch

YOU DOWN WITH DCP?